I'd put Gabriel's towel, his soap, and a little Dixie cup with his shampoo in it (the same kind we used for "meds") in the bathroom. I'd hang the towel from the rack where he'd find it when he was done. I'd put the soap on the ledge that circled the tub. Then I'd get away as fast as I could, because he might come in while I was there and start to strip. He had no modesty. Few of the tenants did. They'd spent their lives in institutions where their modesty had been stripped away. After midnight I often glimpsed naked bodies flashing down the hall on the way to the toilet. That made trouble if the naked body was male and surprised a female tenant coming out of the lounge. Betty would scream, march to the office, and demand to come in and rave about it for half an hour, or she'd go to the second floor pay-phone and call the cops. I think by then the cops had that phone flagged. Babs wanted to tear it off the wall, but the manager wouldn't hear of it. It was a cheap placebo. Most tenants felt better after calling the cops. Frederick (not Fred) once called them on Laura, claimed that she had a gun and was threatening to blow his head off, then went straight to bed and slept like a baby. I tried to get him to come downstairs to talk to the officers, but he refused to see them. They wanted to tell him how much they liked to drive fast with the siren screaming and the lights flashing. I hadn't heard any siren. The phone was flagged. They didn't take any calls dialed from it at face value.

They were always calling the cops on one another or ourselves. Adam warned me to be cautious in my zeal to get